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Afro-American

FREEMAN'S LIGHT

A Book of Original Poems and Songs

BY

THOMAS YOUNG, AUTHOR.



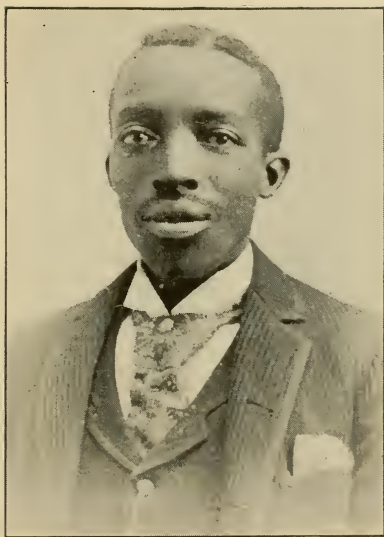
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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.



THOMAS YOUNG, Author.

AFRO-AMERICAN

Freeman's Light.

THOMAS YOUNG,
" "
AUTHOR.

PRICE, 75 CENTS.

PRESS OF H. D. MANN & Co.,
Music Printers,
DENVER, COLORADO.

1897

21946-B-1

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Entered according to Act of Congress, on April 8, 1896,

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A SHORT SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF THOMAS YOUNG, AUTHOR.

I was born in Batesville, Miss., in the county of Panola, December 20th, 1860. I lived in Panola County with my mother nine years; then she moved to Grenada, Miss., on December 27th, 1869. There I lived in the town of Grenada, and county of the same name, for eleven years.

My mother was emancipated and was a widow with four small children, having no one to help her. I being the oldest son, I had to help care for the family early in the days of my youth, consequently receiving but little schooling; just a little every now and then I could go to school. I am both glad and sorry to say that I have never gone to school an entire session in my life, and all of the schooling that I ever got would only amount to about eleven or fourteen months. I am truly proud to say that all I know I learned since I left school and since I have become a man.

In the fall of 1878 I left Grenada and went to Memphis, Tenn., where I was employed by Dr. Frank Sims as a coachman. After working there six months I left Memphis and went down the river to work on a cotton plantation; I lived one year in Cahoma County, three years in Bolivia County.

After I left my people I began to feel the need of an education. I am very sorry to write this expression about my own race, but I must tell the truth as I write. When I would go to some of my friends and ask them to write me a letter they would always charge me twenty-five to fifty cents.

At that time I was working by the year and could get no money until the year had passed; I am thankful for this now but considered it very hard at that time. I began to practice writing from copy books; my friends would ridicule me very much, but I paid no attention to that, I kept up my practice so that finally I could write my own letters.

I was in the Mississippi Valley during the great, disastrous flood in the spring of 1883, and in the fall I returned home to my people in Memphis, Tenn. I lived in Shelby County about sixteen years.

On the 13th day of June, 1892, I left Memphis for Colorado Springs, Colo. On the 15th of June I landed in this city, and on the 25th of June I was employed by the steward of the Antlers Hotel as a manager in the servants' hall. When my work was done in the servants' hall I would devote all of my spare time to studying and writing, sometimes for publication and sometimes essays. I began to feel my talents growing, so I commenced writing poetry. The first piece of poetry I ever completed was "The hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rules the world." This poem was composed by me, January 16, 1893, from Judges: 5, 26: "She put her hand to the nail, and her right hand to the workmen's hammer."

The next piece was about a Sunday-school, written to the *Pueblo Times*, and then I commenced to compose songs, and I found that I could compose them so fast that I decided to compose a book. There is nothing too great for man if he will only have patience and perseverance; that is the whole of man and womanhood. I refer back to the days when I was in the Mississippi Valley—in Arkansas and Tennessee, while following the plow from sun to sun, mauling rails, dragging the cotton sacks up and down the cotton rows, and wondering if ever I would be a man of any note in this broad world.

If you ever expect to be any thing in life you must sacrifice foolishness, and value your time and let your moments be precious unto you. In starting out in life without money you will seldom find any one to speak an encouraging word in your favor; you will be somewhat like a little tree growing up without any care whatever, but gradually it will grow and when the little plant becomes a bush, then you will see the little birds singing and playing in and on the branches; when the bush becomes a tree you will see the cattle go there for shelter and in the hot summer days men will oftentimes sit and cool themselves under its shady branches, and that is the way with any one that starts out for a higher standard in life—when you have overcome all these obstacles and stand as a man you will have friends everywhere you go.

A SKETCH OF THE RELIGIOUS LIFE OF THOMAS YOUNG, AUTHOR.

I was converted when I was about thirteen years old, May 9, 1875, in Grenada, Miss. I joined the M. E. church at that time; Rev. Noah Shumpert was pastor. I lived a faithful member while in the midst of my brethren and sisters and friends.

I then went to Memphis and joined the Saint Narier Chapel of the same branch. I left Memphis and went to Australia, Miss. Not finding the M. E. church I joined the A. M. E. church there and tried to live up to the rules of the church as near as possible; I loved my church and at that time was a great revival singer and was also a lover of Sunday-school. I have filled all the offices as a good and faithful servant that was assigned to me up to an exhorter.

For eleven years I sang in Saint Narier Chapel choir of the M. E. church in Memphis, Tenn.

I am now a retired singer, but in the near future will again appear before the public.

These are the churches and pastors that I have served: The M. E. church at Grenada, Miss., Noah Shumpert, Cambel and Williams. In Memphis, Tenn., Prim, Pickett and Fields, Price, second Fields, and Seward; Lucy Station, Tenn., Mt. Pisgah, Rev. Swain; Ensley's Landing, Ensley's Chapel, Rev. Grear; DeSoto, front circuit, Rev. Ship. At Australia, Miss.: Shaw's Chapel, Rev. Steperson and Rev. Smith. In moving about from one place to another these are churches I have served.

THE PRAYER OF THOMAS YOUNG, AUTHOR.

Oh blessed Father, I thank thee for thy kindness, thou hast led me all the days of my life, and hast been a light unto my pathway. I thank thee for the talent thou in mercy hast given me to try by faith, prayer and perseverance to bring forth this volume, as a light to those who dwell in darkness. Oh may it be as a lighthouse that sets on a hill. Oh may it be a guide to lead dying men and women to the arms of a dear and loving Savior. Our Father help me in the ways of mercy, and may this volume be as a two-edged sword to the wicked, a light for the Christians and a way-bill for all who will accept of the teaching of these lines.

Oh heavenly Father, I now give praises unto thy holy name, feeling at this present time that thou hast blessed me and given to me these thoughts of trying to explain thy word to the world of mankind. Hear me, oh heavenly Father and may I have a great success trusting in thee. O hear and bless me and all mankind, is my prayer now and forever the world without end. Amen.

October 14, 1896.

A Song and Poem.

- 1 This was my prayer, and this was my song,
When I was toiling down on the farm.
Out in the fields I'd willingly go,
Weeding or plowing, thrashing the mow,
Greeting the sunbeams as they would fall,
Oh, blessed Saviour on Thee I'd call:
"O let my heart be cheerful within,
Keep me this day from striving in sin."
- 2 This was my prayer and this was my song,
While toiling and laboring all the day long.
Sunbeams are shining from skies so clear,
Thinking sometimes I'd perish there,
While slaying the timber and snatching the saw
Gathering my moments as they would go,
Hoping and praying that they would be
Like some good food cast out in the sea.
- 3 This was my prayer and this was my song:
Give me good wisdom to lead me along,
Move back the clouds that heavily hang;
Pray let me learn thy blessed command.
Here I am reaping for my daily bread.
Wilt Thou within me a new heart create;
Lead me from darkness, lead me to light,
Hoping some day that I will be bright.
- 4 This was my prayer and this was my song,
Trusting in Jesus all the way 'long,
Hoping some day that I would receive
A bountiful blessing given from Thee.
May this be light and may it be food,
Strength for the weak, and life for the good.
Oh may this be a foundation stone,
Leading its millions up to the throne.

THOMAS YOUNG, Author, Oct. 27, 1896.

Poet of Determination.

- 1 Once I was a plow boy on the farm ;
I could not write my name ;
I would work all day, from sun to sun,
And would sit up at night and read.
- 2 Little by little I began to learn,
And my talent began to increase,
As a small little stream, as it begins to form,
So that was the way with me.
- 3 Like the tides of a stream, first up and then
down,
Is the way I sometimes would feel,
But my inward conscience would say, Onward
go,
You will some day be blest with a crown.
- 4 At the present time I feel like a fire
That has been burning for the longest within,
I can no longer withhold my brightest desires ;
I must shine as a light on a hill.
- 5 Like a blaze that bursts forth from a consum-
ing fire,
My talent shall shine as the sun.
I have made myself by persevering,
Good news for the public to read.
- 6 If it is in a man to become enlightened,
He will always show it plain.
The world may hate and scorn and slight him,
But he'll come just the same.
- 7 Just read the history, how the noble men
Of the Union made themselves.
There is a chance for me to make myself
In the light of liberty shine.
- 8 My complexion is dark, but I bravely say,
I will always strive to learn ;
From the handle of the plow, from mauling
of rails,
I am determined that the world shall know
my name.

THOMAS YOUNG, Author, Oct. 24, 1896.

A Poetry Question on Life.

- 1 What is life? Can any one see?
It is what you're a mind to make it to be.
You can lead it to light or you can lead it to
despair;
You can make it happy or a pleasure for thee,
Treasure up your times with the greatest of
care.
They will make a volume for the world to read.
Then you will see what life will be.
- 2 Never allow your thoughts to drift astray
When they can be used in some good way.
In the loneliest hours always look up,
With an honest heart pure wisdom sup.
Like eagle's eyes in the distance look,
For your idle moments may be some good.
Your life is just what you make it be.
- 3 You can make it miserable or you can make
it gay,
That's left with you about making your choice;
But I would rather choose a higher elevation,
Tho' it takes a good will and a lot of perse-
vering.
O do not become weak and weary and sad,
For the time will come you'll be happy and glad.
I intend to make life my pleasures be.
- 4 My way is hard and my path is steep,
While fording the streams of the dreaded deep,
I am guiding myself to the harbor where
With patience I will anchor with the loved ones
there.
I hope some day that I will be
A bright shining light, that the wanderers may
see.
That's the way to make life a comfort to me.
- 5 I will be a strength for myself, a guide for
others;
I will not be a friend, but a united brother.
It differs about my race or color—
I intend to come up an equal with others.
But the only way is to continue, press forward,
And never think once about looking downward.
My life shall be a pleasure sweet unto me.
- 6 By inspiration this book is written,
By sacrificing my own dear pleasure,
And by gathering up all my spare idle time,
I will write them down in memorial lines,
That those who read may plainly see
That all of the time has been precious to me,
While fighting the waves of a stormy sea.

THOMAS YOUNG, Author, Oct. 24, 1896.

The Holy Counsel.

Gen. 1: 26.—And God said, let us make man.

The Fath - er, Son and Ho - ly Ghost, In coun-sel with them-

selves: The voice was heard, Let us make man: God said that man would sin.

Chorus

O, glo - ry! glo - ry to his name! Hal - le - lu - jah to the

King! He shed his blood on Cal - va - ry, Sing prais - es to his name.

Then Christ, the loving Savior, said
I'll redeem him from his sins,
I'll give my life that he may live,
And raise him from the dead.

Then man he sinned and broke the law
And was doomed to deep despair:
Jesus, the great Redeemer, said
I'll redeem him with great care.

The time did come and the debt was paid
In blood on Calvary,
And every one that loves the Lord,
By faith the sight can see.

—THOMAS YOUNG, Author, Colorado Springs,

2

Blessed Jesus.

Tune "Keep to the right, boys, keep to the right."

The last two lines of every verse should be repeated.

- 1 Jesus, blessed Jesus,
Thou hast saved me now
From all sin and evils:
Made me wholly thine.
Every day I serve thee,
Try to do thy will,
Till in heaven I meet thee,
Glory I will sing.
- 2 In a lowly manger,
There on Christmas day,
Laid the holy angel,
About the break of day.
And they seek to serve thee,
Wilt thou lead the way.
Glory be to Jesus,
I will follow thee.
- 3 When the path is pleasant.
When the road is rough,
Wilt thou be my leader.
Bring me conqueror through;
Shield us for the victory,
Battling 'gainst the wrong,
Bringing souls to Jesus,
Till the victory's won.

THOMAS YOUNG, March 19, 1896.

3

Call to the Wicked.

C. M. For Revival.

- 1 Oh Lord impress these sacred words
Upon the sinner's heart,
The seraph songs that they have heard;
Come now and take a part.
- 2 The day will come, it will be too late,
To try to serve the Lord,
Oh yield yourselves to Christ to-day,
To glory make a start.
- 3 The day will come when every one
Shall stand before the Lord,
His wrath and vengeance shall pour down,
Upon the cursed ones.
- 4 Now sinner turn and come to-day,
While mercy can be given,
Don't turn the messenger away,
Come seek a home in heaven.

THOMAS YOUNG, Author, June 23, 1896.

4

Conviction.

About twenty-seven years ago Thomas Young, author, was attending a Sabbath school; at the close the little reward cards were given out, and there was a lesson about a little girl by the name of Nellie and how she converted her hard hearted father by faith, and these are the words in a hymn.

Tune: "I once was away from the Savior."

- 1 I was once a sinner in darkness,
And my heart was as hard as a stone,
I'd rebuke the prayers of the Christians,
And provoke the Lord on his throne.
- 2 One day my dear little daughter,
She told me I ought to pray,
I scorned at the invitation,
And sinfully drove her away.
- 3 She came again in full spirit,
And kindly knelt down at his knees,
Crying, Savior in mercy hear me,
And make my poor father believe.
- 4 I saw him give down in sadness,
And his heavy heart gave away,
He bowed down in deep contrition,
Prayed, Come to my rescue to-day.
- 5 His prayer was upward ascended,
Christ sent a sweet relief,
He rejoiced in the love of his Savior.
Through him I am happy and free.
- 6 No more will I deny my Savior,
With his blood he has purchased me.
I can go singing salvation's story,
Oh glory to Jesus our King.

THOMAS YOUNG, Author, June 30, 1896.

5

Old Hundred.

L. M.

FOR OPENING

Here in thy temple Lord we meet,
To pay our tribute at thy feet.
In all our hearts thy love reveal,
With all our souls thy blessing seek.

March 23, 1896.

6

Doxology.

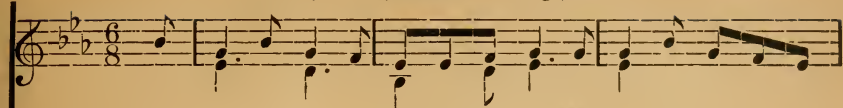
Key C. G. Time 2-2.

Dear Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
Be with us now and evermore,
And if we are called before we meet,
We'll find sweet rest in heaven with thee. Amen

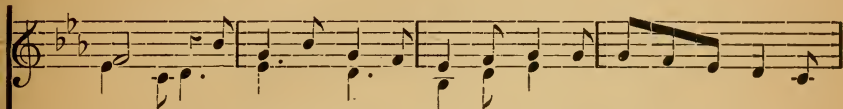
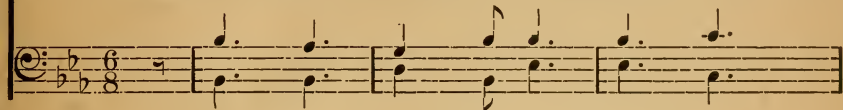
THOMAS YOUNG, Author.

Elijah The Prophet.

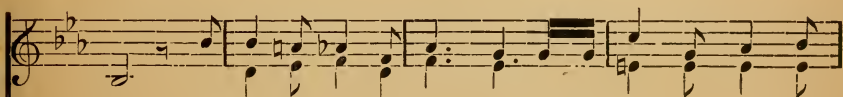
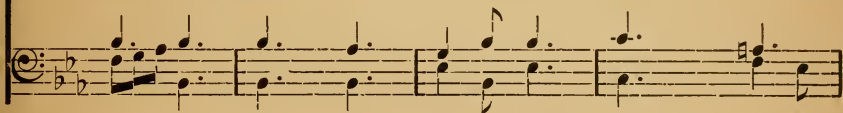
"Hear me, O Lord, hear me."—1 Kings, 18:37.



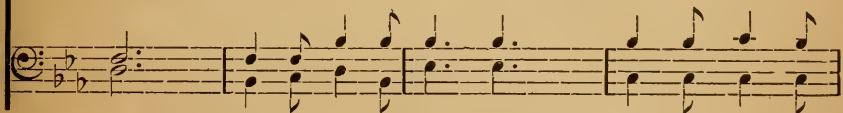
E - li - jah was a pro - phet of old, He proved a faith - ful



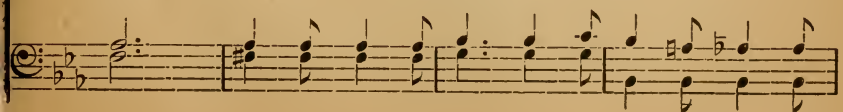
man. God blessed the work that he had done And fed him from his



hands. Now in a cleft he placed him, Un - til he - his voice re -

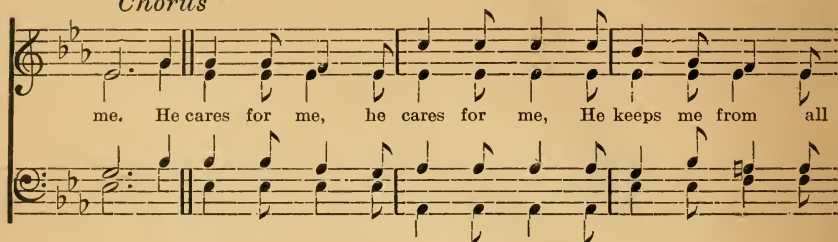


vealed. Now it shall be re - cord - ed, Je - ho - vah cares for



Elijah The Prophet.—CONCLUDED.

Chorus



By faith the prophets of Baal stood by
 When Elijah his faith did prove,
 When the Holy Ghost and the fire came down
 The wicked did fall and cry.
 The Lord he is God, the Lord he is God,
 Sing glory to his name.
 By trusting God the wicked did see
 Jehovah cares for me.

When the rain had ceased and the earth was
 dry,
 Elijah in the mountains was placed,
 The voice of God said rest in peace,
 By faith I will provide.
 God sent the ravens, Elijah was fed
 With the mercies of God our love.
 Now all the world can plainly see
 Jehovah cares for me.

Now if we trust the Lord and pray,
 His grace he will freely give.
 We'll have the wicked in a maze,
 The wonderful sight to see.
 I know there is reality
 In serving the God above.
 If I repent and turn to him,
 The Savior will care for me.

—THOMAS YOUNG, Author, Nov. 1, 1895.

Behold me now upon Calvary,
To shed my blood for the world to-day.
Oh turn your face to the rugged hill,
Oh come unto me and live,
He cries, Behold my bleeding side,
Oh come unto me and be sanctified;
The blood that I shed it flows free for all;
Oh come unto me and live.

CHORUS.

Oh come to-day, oh come to-day,
Oh come to the Savior while you may,
Oh come to-day, oh come to-day,
Oh come unto me and live.

The thorny crown was placed on my brow,
That you may a crown of glory wear.
I'll bear the burden for all mankind;
Oh come unto me and live.
I'll give my dear life upon the tree,
That you in the kingdom may dwell with me.
Oh come poor sinner, oh come away,
Oh come unto me and live.

Behold the nail prints in my hands,
That you may the palms of victory bear.
Oh sinner don't slight this precious call,
Oh come unto me and live.
The way is open, the door is wide,
Just come unto me and be sanctified.
I will purify you and make you clean,
Just come unto me and live.

The spikes were driven through my tender feet,
That you may walk the golden street;
The hammer was heard in Jerusalem streets,
Saying, "Come unto me and live;"
The Roman sword was pierced in my side,
The blood poured forth to purify;
No other fountain is open so wide,
Oh come unto me and live.

The rough way is smooth, and the path is plain;
I'll finish the work in my Father's name.
Oh come and salvation's story sing,
Oh come unto me and live.
The grave can no more of its victory boast,
The sting of death will be felt no more,
I will bring you safe on the heavenly shores,
If you'll come unto me and live.

Can be sung as a duet, with full chorus joining;
the chorus loudly.

THOMAS YOUNG, Author, Oct. 28, 1896.

"Thou therefore endure hardship," 2d Tim. 2-3.

Key of G, time 3-4.

- 1 Army soldiers of salvation,
Never mind what tribe or race,
Spread the news of full salvation
Through the Savior's precious blood,
Tell the world there is a fountain,
That was made on Calvary,
For to save from sin and doubting.
Glory, glory be to God.
- 2 See the millions around you dying,
And for pity, help, they cry.
We will go, by faith we'll trust Him,
Singing as we onward march.
We will bring them to the Savior,
Where they shall obtain His love;
May our courage never waiver
Till this glorious victory's won.
- 3 Comrades, let us stick together,
Never mind what may occur;
From our ranks O do not sever,
Fight until we're called on high,
Let us fight and not give over,
Let us more the braver stand;
Prayers and faith will make him fly.
THOMAS YOUNG, Author, March, 1896.

10

Behold the Light.

- 1 Oh sinners just behold the light,
I bring so free through God's own will,
You now that dwell in endless night,
Accept it free and thou shalt live.
- 2 To all who've felt the Saviour's love,
Continue in the light to live,
Be meek and holy as a dove,
It will lead you safe on Zion hill.
- 3 My light is free for all mankind,
Just let the light now shine on you;
It shines full free for all mankind,
Walk in free light, it will bring you through.
- 4 My light's full free for all the world,
It will lead you on Zion hill.
It shines both near and far to all,
Just turn, repent and do God's will.
- 5 When all my mission-ship is done,
Beyond these veils the light I'll see
Free grace to all the victory won.
Around the throne I'll rest with thee.
THOMAS YOUNG, Author, April 13, 1896.

A Point to The Missionary.

A - way o - ver in the jun - gles, How man - y a sa - v - age

dwells Who nev - er read the Bi - ble Nor heard the Sab - bath

Chorus

bells. Oh no! oh no! We'll glad - ly help our

na - tion to shun e - ter - nal woe.

Should we stand by and see them
 Their ignorant journey go,
 And not go out to help them
 To shun eternal woe?

The savages stand ready
 The blessed news to hear;
 Should we not hasten to them
 And fill their hearts with cheer?

We will cry unto them, Glory,
 The Lord has sent us here
 To tell salvation's story,
 To fill their hearts with cheer.

Tune: "Jesus I my Cross have Taken." The last lines repeated.

- 1 Dedicate this sanctuary
With thy love so pure and free,
Let us feel the holy spirit,
In our hearts the burning zeal.
Give to us the showers of blessing
In this temple while we kneel.
May we dedicate this building
Holy, holy, unto thee.
- 2 Trusting in our Lord and Savior,
We are spared to see this day.
May we thank thee for thy kindness,
Dedicate our souls to thee.
Bless the work we have accomplished
With the aid that's from the giver,
Let us come in love together,
Dedicating in thy name.
- 3 Bring thy servants all together,
Let us in thy love stand firm.
In the name of Christ in mercy
Fighting against the wicked ones.
May this day be long remembered
In the hearts of every one,
While we in our graves lie slumbering,
Dedicate our souls in heaven.

THOMAS YOUNG, Author, Oct. 7, 1896.

Come for all things.—Luke 14: 17.

Tune: "There is a fountain filled with blood."

- 1 O sinner come to Jesus now,
He ready waits for thee.
His voice is pleading, come today,
From sin I'll set you free.
- 2 He'll never, never turn you away,
His clinging power he'll give.
Will you despise your wicked ways
And in free grace abound?
- 3 Come seek the Savior now today,
Before the time is too late.
Don't let the moments fly away
And dwell in deep despair.
- 4 God help us Christians preach the word
And raise our banners high,
Come sinner, come, and not delay,
The day will come, you will die.

THOMAS YOUNG, Author, March 18, 1896.

- 1 Dear shepherd thou art gone,
To ne'er return no more;
No more to stand and preach the word
Of Holy Ghost and love.
- 2 You have the battle fought,
The glorious victory won
With tears and fears, with God's own love
You soar beyond the sun.
- 3 Rest on, dear shepherd, rest,
Your conflicts all are o'er,
By leaning on the Savior's breast,
You'll sing forever more.
- 4 Farewell, to pain and death,
I'll feel no more of your sting;
I'll breath no more of the parting breath,
Forever I can sing.
- 5 In heaven above I'll rest,
The joys no tongues can tell;
With all the heavenly host I am blest;
It's well with me, it is well.
- 6 Press onward, Zion's flock,
We'll meet to part no more;
Just keep the faith and trust in God,
We'll sing beyond these shores.

THOMAS YOUNG. Author, October 3, 1896.
Arr. from E. P. T., page 92.

Arise, shine, for thy light.—Isa. 60: 1.

- 1 Be bold, free light I bring,
Let all of our voices sing.
Let all in darkness now proclaim,
Hosanna loudly ring.
- 2 Turn ye, O now today,
Give thanks to God and pray.
His grace, his love will lead you on,
Do not in darkness stay.
- 3 I'll shine to all the world
That they my glory may see,
I will light your path that is now so dark,
And my salvation give.
- 4 O may my light shine bright,
That all around can see
The work of him that gives me power
And turn to thee and live.
- 5 Shine on, O blessed light,
So free, so pure and bright,
Shine in the midst of death's dark hours,
Shine with me upon high.

THOMAS YOUNG, Author, April 13, 1896.

The Rebellious Boy.

"And there wasted his substance in riotous living."—Luke 15:13.

The wan - d'ring boy de - cides to go From moth - er and fath - er

care, To find sweet com - fort as he roams With friends that will not share. I

need my pa - rents' care, I need my pa - rents' care, he cries, Though

I am far a - way, Mer - cy in my pa - rents' house They will not cease to share.

While in the distance far away,
When friends they became few,
I think of what my parents said,
It is now coming true.

I feel my sins, they are drawing on.
They come from rebellious heart;
I would not hearken to those words,
To-day I heed and moan.

I famish here for care he cries
And for friends to comfort me,
By strolling away from my dear home,
I now my faults can see.

I'll rise and go back to my home
And seek my parents' face,
Fall down in sorrow, weep and moan,
And ask them to forgive.

Now sinner, there is room for you
If you will just repent;
You are roaming far from Christ your Lord,
Just turn and He'll forgive.

THOMAS YOUNG, Author.

Our Conflicts.

Tune: There is rest for the weary.

I am the Good Shepherd.—John 10: 14.

1 In this world we have our conflicts,
We are pressed where'er we go;
We have heard of that great city
Where the streets are paved with gold.

CHORUS.—Wilt thou be to us a shepherd,
Wilt thou be to us a shepherd,
Wilt thou be to us a shepherd,
Keep us from all harm?

2 We are here without protection,
In this land where'er we go,
Wilt thou with thy tender mercies,
Keep us safe from all our foes.

3 In this land we are down trodden,
And we're scorned by every one.
Wilt thou raise our heavy burden,
Haste the glorious victory on?

4 Wilt thou help us bear our crosses,
Watch and pray and never give o'er,
Till we hear the blessed welcome,
"Come and rest forever more."

5 What a blessing we'll inherit,
When we get to heaven with thee,
We'll give praise and shout forever;
From the bound land we are free.

—THOMAS YOUNG, April 28, 1896.

O Blessed Savior.

Air in key C. Time, 3-2.

Blessed are the poor in spirit.—Mat. 5: 4.

1 O blessed Savior, thou hast heard
The prayer that I have prayed,
And with thy love hath comforted me.
I now can teach thy word.

2 Help me to arouse my wicked friends,
And bring them to thy fold,
May they repent and turn from sin,
And be made pure as gold.

3 When all of my earthly friends drew back
Thou stayed near by my side.
The strength you gave when I was weak,
To overcome the tide.

4 Now blessed Savior will you keep
Me in the holy path,
And when my work on earth is done,
Receive my soul at last.

—THOMAS YOUNG, March 20, 1896.

The Happy Christian.

Tune: Not all the blood of beasts.

It is well with thee.—2 Kings 4: 26.

In memory of a dying mother to her family.

1 Now it is well with me,
To bid this world adieu,
I've kept the faith the Lord hath given,
I now his glory see.

2 Farewell, O family dear,
I'll dwell no more with thee,
I'll bow no more in family prayer,
For it is well with me.

3 Now to my church below,
I'll meet no more with thee,
I am going home to heaven to rest
Where life and joy is peace.

4 I've past all snares of death,
I feel no fears within,
I've overcome sin and bear the cross;
The Savior guides me in.

5 Just keep the holy vow
That you have made with Christ,
And when your days are done on earth,
You'll have a home on high.

—THOMAS YOUNG, March 12, 1896.

Sweet Rest.

In key A. Time 3-4.

Sing low and soft for funerals.

Shall I not seek rest for thee.—Ruth 2: 1.

1 In that fair and heavenly country,
Where my spirit soon will soar,
Where no grief, no toils, no sorrow,
Separate our friends no more.

CHORUS—There is rest, there is rest,
There remains a rest forever,
In the kingdom with my Savior,
There is rest forever more.

2 There's no tomb stones in that city,
And no sighing for our friends.
There is no more lamentation,
Rest forever there remains.

3 Friends on earth just strive to meet them,
That has gained the great reward,
And we'll join the happy chorus,
Resting there with Christ the Lord.

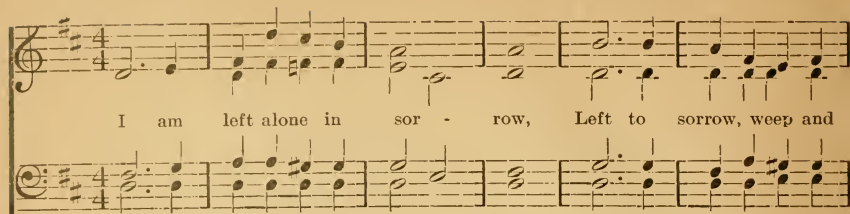
4 Very soon the Lord will call us
From below to meet on high,
From all tongues, and tribes and nations,
Find sweet rest beyond the tides.

—THOMAS YOUNG, March 12, 1896.

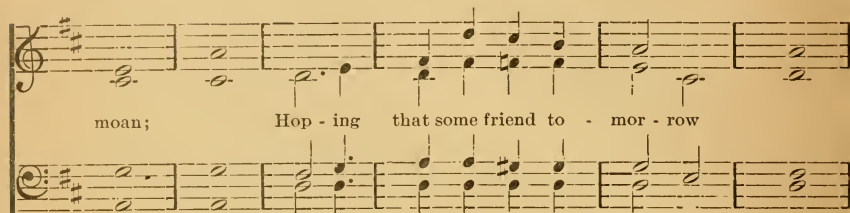
The Orphan's Plea.

WORDS BY THOMAS YOUNG.

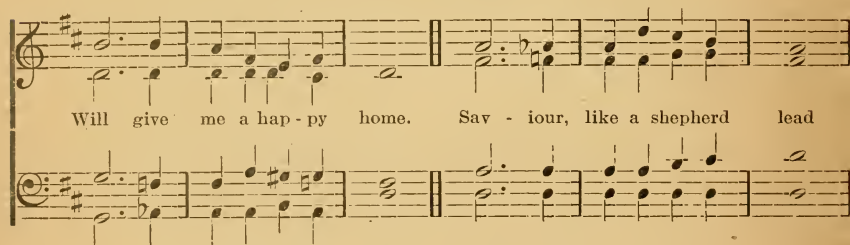
MUSIC BY JACK MONTROSE.



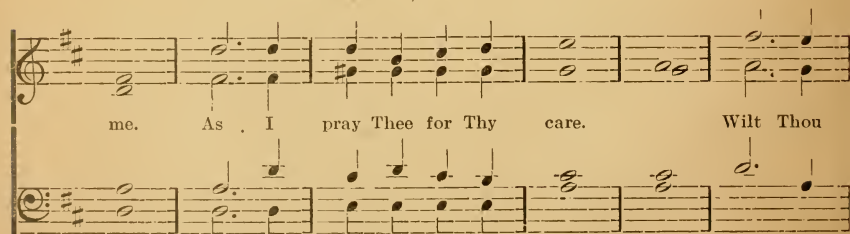
I am left alone in sor - row, Left to sorrow, weep and



moan; Hop - ing that some friend to - mor - row

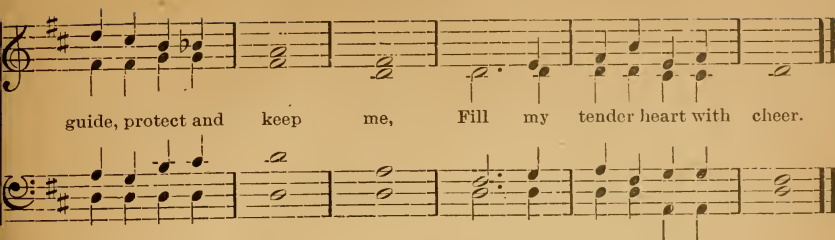
Chorus.


Will give me a hap - py home. Sav - iour, like a shepherd lead



me. As I pray Thee for Thy care. Wilt Thou

The Orphan's Plea.—CONTINUED.



2 There is no friend on earth to comfort,
Since my parents disappeared,
Savior, lead me through this desert
And in trouble be thou near.

3 And when evils lurk around me,
Help me cast myself on thee,
Watch me while I sleep and slumber,
Let me rest in love and peace.

4 When I'm hungry Savior feed me,
Guide, protect and lead me through,
When the evening shades draw round me,
I will thank thee for thy good.

5 Savior, like a shepherd lead me,
As I thank thee for thy care;
All the days thy hand has led me,
Listen to my evening prayer.

—THOMAS YOUNG, October 23, 1896.

22

The Mile Stone.

Tune: Must I go and empty handed.

Can be sung as a duet, soprano and alto.

This stone shall be a witness.—Joshua 24:27.

1 Dark and stormy is the desert
Through which pilgrims make their way,
Yet beyond this veil of sorrow,
Lies a field of endless day.

CHORUS—Further on, still go further,
Count the mile stones one by one;
Jesus will forsake you never,
It is better further on.

2 Oh, my comrades are you weary
Of the roughness of your way,
Does your strength begin to fail you
And your vigor to decay.

3 Further on, oh how much further,
Count the mile stones one by one;
Know no counting, only trusting,
It is better further on.

4 Hark, a voice from Eden stealing
Softly in an undertone;
Hark, I hear its gentle whisper,
It is better further on.

5 At the grave we'll sing the same song,
While my body lies buried there,
Sing it so my soul can hear it,
It is better further on.

Rewritten by THOMAS YOUNG, March 12, 1896.

23

School Consecration.

Tune, Come for the feast is spread.
Dedication of a school.

1 Come to the house of light,
Open for all,
Freely accept this call.
Come seek and learn,
Come learn the Master's will,
That leads to wisdom's hill;
We will no one deny,
Come, idlers, come.

2 Come and prepare yourself
For the mission field,
To go and preach the word,
The savage's lead.
Turn from the path of night,
Seek for the road of light,
They gladly wait for thee;
O dear ones, come.

3 Do not consume your time,
In darkness stay,
In idleness be joined
That leads astray.
Come and reform yourself,
Go forth his goodness tell,
Help save the world from sin,
Come learn and live.

—THOMAS YOUNG, Author, October 7, 1896.

Emancipation.

Therefore shall the people praise thee forever and ever.—Psalm 45: 17.

Praise ye the Lord, ye people praise: He has re-moved the

veils, And gives us life and lib-er-ty, And gives us life and

lib-er-ty, Let all our voic-es sing, let all our voic-es sing.

Glory to God, he's heard our prayers
And gives us victory;
Now we can sing and give him thanks,
Our burdened hearts relieve, our burdened
hearts relieve.

Now through the land let freedom go,
Be stamped on every door;
Now give new life to young and old
And praises evermore, and praises evermore.

O blessed Father, lead us on,
Teach us to do thy will.
Help us obey thy wondrous love,
And climb up wisdom hill, and climb up
wisdom hill.

Lord let us now in wisdom grow
And love thee, ever true.
The blessedness that thou hast shone
Shall lead us conquer through, shall lead us
conquer through.

THOMAS YOUNG, December 19, 1895.

25

The Rough Sea.

Tune: The Ninety and Nine. Time 6-8. Key A.
Can be sung as a solo.

The world is a sea and sin and folly is the boat
that sinful men and women are in, and without
true repentance they will be lost.

1 The gales were high and the sea was rough,
The sailors began to pray;
The mercies of God came and released
Them of their awful fright,
Their hearts rejoiced in prayer to God;
O bless his name, he has heard our prayers,
O bless his name, he has heard our prayers.

2 The Savior stands in pity to-day
To hear the sinners cry;
Oh, do not turn away from him,
His grief and mercies despise.
Oh, turn to Christ, he will forgive;
Then you'll rejoice and shout and sing,
Then you'll rejoice and shout and sing.

3 Come, join the band of Christian saints,
Hosanna loudly sing;
He'll cleanse your hearts from all your sins
And join you in the link,
The door is open so come away,
Don't shun his love and wait too late,
Don't shun his love and wait too late,
—THOMAS YOUNG, March 26, 1896.

26

The Closing Song.

Tune: Am I a soldier of the cross.
For the dismissing of a boarding school.

1 The closing season has returned,
And each of us must part,
O let thy love with us remain
In each and every heart.

2 O Savior, dwell within our hearts
And may we keep the rules,
And never let them from us part,
O may they guide us through.

3 And if we live to turn again,
Seeking for wisdom's might,
O let the knowledge that has been given,
O may it prove a light.

4 If life should end before we meet
Together in these walls,
Let each of us thy blessing keep;
We will crown thee Lord of all.

—THOMAS YOUNG, Author, September 29, 1896.

27

The Evening Song.

Tune: Awake and sing the song of Moses and
the Lamb.

Can be sung at a boarding school for the close.

1 One more day's work is done,
We'll now give praise to thee.
Let us in full devotion cast,
Together may we be.

2 Oh watch us through the night,
And keep us from all harm,
And whilst we lay in slumber hide
Us from the snares of sin

3 The holy place we meet
To worship at thy feet.
May all of our songs and all our prayers
From heaven a blessing bring.

4 O may we rest at ease,
And feel no fears or doubts,
Now let us to thy promise cleave.
In love O may we shout.

—THOMAS YOUNG, Author, October 2, 1896

28

The Opening Song.

Tune: Joy to the world.

For the opening of a boarding school.

The last lines of every verse shall be repeated.

1 O blessed season thou hast come,
That we shall meet again.
O may we meet in peace and love,
Together sweetly sing,
Together sweetly sing,

2 O may we learn each day we live,
What thou wilt have us do,
O may the teachers strive to give
The wisdom that is true,
The wisdom that is true,

3 Make us obedient to the rules,
And love our teachers too,
Devote our hearts on lines of truths.
By faith let us pursue,
By faith let us pursue.

4 O lead us on to wisdom's hill,
O let us be a light,
Striving to do our master's will,
Lead others out of night,
Lead others out of night.

—THOMAS YOUNG, Author, September 29, 1896.

Jacob.

And there wrestled a man with him.—Gen. 32: 24.

O, Ja - cob was a faith - ful man, Through him the earth was

blest. To him the prom - ise was per - formed That gave his seed suc - cess. O

Chorus

wres - tle Ja - cob, the day - light has come, O,

wres - tle Ja - cob, the vic - to - ry you've won.

Take up the faith, like Jacob did,
And on your journey go
Let not your light from the world be hid,
But let it plainly show.

When we get home above the skies
We'll smile at toils and pain.
By wrestling hard with toils and fears
A heavenly home we'll gain.

O, sinner, there is room for you
If you will just repent,
Come unto Christ and be renewed,
His mercies he will give.

—THOMAS YOUNG, October 23, 1895.

30 We Are Marching.

"For whatsoever is born of God."—1 Jno. 5: 4.

In bass octave B.

Time 4-4.

1 We are marching forward in the strength of
God,

Fighting for our blessed heavenly king,

Jesus is our captain, he will lead us on.

Victory, victory, we will shout and sing.

CHORUS.—Sing, comrades, sing, and let your
voices ring.

Shout, comrades, shout, without a
fear or doubt.

If we keep on fighting in this heavenly
way,

We shall surely gain the final day.

2 Onward is our motto; never look behind;

Trust a moment and salvation find.

Jesus is our leader, gladly we'll obey;

Any time he calls us march away.

—THOMAS YOUNG, Author, March, 1896.

31 For Morning Prayer.

Tune: Am I born to die.

1 O Lord, we early meet,

To worship at thy feet.

Wilt thou in mercy with us dwell,

Let us thy goodness feel.

2 Right early in the morn

We seek our daily food,

We ask thee with our uplift hearts,

Give us our daily bread.

3 Come on in spirit power,

And revive our drooping souls,

Beat back the dark and dreary hours,

And make our rough way smooth.

4 O may our prayers ascend,

Above as one man's prayer.

Descend in copious showers on us,

And bring sweet comfort here.

—THOMAS YOUNG, Author, July 3, 1896.

32 The Consecration.

Tune: Old Meter.

1 We'll lay the corner stone

With prayer, with truth and faith.

O may it be a light to turn

The wicked from their ways.

2 Upon this stone may we erect

A building that will stand,

A house that no one will reject,

A light for all mankind.

3 O may this be the place to learn

To do the Master's will;

O turn, ye wanderer, return

Your face to wisdom hill.

4 O may this building be a light

Unto the idle ones,

Come in and drink from wisdom's fount;

How pure and free it runs.

—THOMAS YOUNG, Oct. 7, 1896.

33 Memorial Service.

Tune: Come ye disconsolate.

For a memorial service of a pastor. Sing slow
and softly.

1 Salvation draweth nigh,

I am crossing over,

Angels a-waiting 'round

To carry me home.

Sweet is the news I hear,

Your work is ended now,

Come in my kingdom dear

And reap your great reward.

2 I'm passing from the world,

Going to live with Jesus,

No more to feel the dreads

Of pains and woes,

No more the scoffs to wear,

No more hard cross to bear,

In heaven with Jesus

To live forever more.

3 While passing through the stream

To yonder city,

There all the heavenly host

Singing redeem,

Come to the royal feast,

Enjoy the blessedness

That lays await for thee,

The Savior will give to you.

4 Weep not, my family dear,

I am safe in glory.

Every pulse that beats here

Bringeth us near.

O fight and watch and pray,

Don't weaken on the way,

We'll meet in heaven,

One family remain.

—THOMAS YOUNG, September 19, 1896.

In Memoriam.

I wrote this in memory of Bishop Wayman, who fell asleep in Jesus, Friday, Nov. 30, 1895, at the age of seventy-two years, two months and nine days.

Tune from the "Voice of Mission."



Sleep on a peace - ful sleep and rest for all your
toils; Thy grave to thee is sweet, Now rest be - neath those sods.

2 Oh, now the time has come,
That you from us must go;
Our hearts are filled with love,
We'll always plainly show.

3 Farewell, O father dear,
We'll meet to part no more,
We'll rest around the throne,
In joy without a tear.

4 May we our hearts incline
To do our Father's will,
In peace and loveliness dwell;
We'll meet on Zion's hill.

5 We'll sing our troubles o'er,
The joys we now shall share.
Give praises evermore
To Christ the son of God.

—THOMAS YOUNG, January 21, 1896.

Evening Prayer.

Tune: Come ye that love the Lord.

1 The evening hour has come,
O let our prayers arise;
The light of day has come and gone,
O let our bodies shine.

2 In meekness here we bow
To ask for love and grace;
We want thy love to show us how
To seek thy loving face.

3 Lord, send to us relief,
That we may feel secure;
We pour before you all our grief,
Will thou a blessing give?

4 Lord, let us part in peace,
Feeling each other's cares;
O may we keep the holy laws,
Help each their crosses bear.

—THOMAS YOUNG, Author, June 29, 1896.

The Entreaty.

Tune, There is Life for a Look

- 1 We are out in the land
As a missionary band,
Come to Jesus, poor sinner, and live.
As we march on the way
Pleading for you day by day,
Come to Jesus, poor sinner, and live

CHORUS—Come, come, come to-day,
While we march on the way,
We'll give thanks to Christ and say,
Come to Jesus, poor sinner, and live.

- 2 As we march on the streets,
With our music we entreat,
Come to Jesus, poor sinner, and live.
With our banners we wave,
Come to Jesus and be saved,
Come, O come, to the Savior and live.

- 3 Turn, O turn, and come
While the victory may be won,
For salvation is free for us all.
Just accept free grace
That is offered now to-day,
Come, ye wretched, to Jesus and live.

- 4 In this salvation band
We are moving through the land,
Come to Jesus, my friends, and be saved.
Come and give Christ your heart
And from all your sins depart,
Come to Jesus, beloved, and live.

—THOMAS YOUNG, Author, June 22, 1896.

The Savior's Call.

C. M.

For revival.

- 1 Behold, I stand and wait for thee,
O come, poor sinner, come,
O do not linger and delay,
Your days will soon be done.
- 2 For your dear sake I left my throne
To come and bleed and die,
O hear my groans in Gethsemane;
The door is open wide.
- 3 For your dear sake I drank the cup
Of wrath for all mankind;
Come, poor sinner, with me and sup,
In love be purified.
- 4 For your dear sake I'll ascend on high,
To intercede for thee,
O do not make mistake and die,
But holy come to me.

—THOMAS YOUNG, Author, June 23, 1896.

The Wretched Sinner.

When the poor and needy.—Isaiah 4: 1-17.

In Key of D. Time, 12-8.

- 1 I was a poor wretched sinner,
Seeking for pleasures to find;
But nothing but sins and sorrows,
Around me mountains high.

CHORUS—I cried to Jesus, he heard me,
He came to my relief
And rolled back the mountains,
I his grace received.

- 2 I'll sing his blessed redemption
To those who never believed,
And sing free salvation's story;
O come, O Christ receive.

- 3 I'll wave the gospel banner
Wherever my lot is cast;
I'll cry a loud hosanna,
Your cares upon Jesus rest.

- 4 O come, O come, to Jesus,
He will your sorrows release
And bring you back out of darkness,
Then you his love can sing.

—THOMAS YOUNG, March 19, 1896.

The Sailor's Song.

Tune, Only a Step to Jesus, Why not Take it Now?

- 1 While the storm is raging,
Savior, be thou near;
While the sea is roaring,
Send thy mercies here.

CHORUS—Come Savior, come Savior, come,
Come, thou canst release;
Come in the time of sadness,
Send unto us sweet comfort,
Strengthen us with thy spirit,
Thy praises we shall sing.

- 2 While we are all in trouble,
Thy spirit quick send;
In our grief behold us,
Thy holy comfort lend.

- 3 See the lightning flashing,
Hear the thunder roar;
Now the waves are casting
The vessel to and fro.

- 4 Now we receive sweet comfort,
Our souls are now revived;
Trusting in Christ our shepherd,
We will move beyond the tides.

—THOMAS YOUNG, Author, July 4, 1896.

Christ Crucified.

We preach Christ crucified.—1 Cor. 1: 23.

Solo.

I will go and preach the gos - pel as the Lord has com - mand-ed,

The first system of the musical score is in 4/4 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It features a vocal melody on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on a grand staff (treble and bass staves). The lyrics are: "I will go and preach the gos - pel as the Lord has com - mand-ed,".

Tell the glo - ri - ous sto - ry through-out this broad land;

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are: "Tell the glo - ri - ous sto - ry through-out this broad land;".

Of - fer to them free par - don And grace that will stand.

The third system concludes the piece. The lyrics are: "Of - fer to them free par - don And grace that will stand.".

Christ Crucified.—CONCLUDED.

Solo.

Who - ever will re - ceive it, in his king - dom shall stand.

The solo section consists of three staves. The top staff is a single melodic line in treble clef. The middle staff is a harmonic accompaniment in treble clef, featuring chords and moving lines. The bottom staff is a bass line in bass clef, providing a solid foundation for the melody.

Chorus.

In his king - dom shall stand, In his king - dom shall stand.

Who - ever shall re - ceive it, In his king - dom shall stand.

The chorus section consists of two systems of three staves each. The first system begins with the lyrics 'In his king - dom shall stand, In his king - dom shall stand.' The second system begins with 'Who - ever shall re - ceive it, In his king - dom shall stand.' The musical notation includes vocal lines and piano accompaniment.

2 Tho' your hearts may be hardened
As the rocks by the seas,
But the love of my Savior
Can bring them to yield.
Tho' your pathway be darkened,
As the fits of despair,
Turn to Jesus, sing glory,
In his kingdom you'll stand.

3 Turn your ears to the prophet
That so lovingly calls:
I will offer free pardon,
Hear it now, one and all.
I have left all my comforts
To entreat you to come;
Turn and come to your Savior,
In his kingdom we'll stand.

—THOMAS YOUNG, Author, January 20, 1896.

41

Patience.

Tribulation worketh patience.—Rom. 5:3.

In key D. Time, 2-4.

- 1 Holy Jesus, thou art with me,
In this world of woe,
Thou hast led me, safely kept me,
Gave me all I know.
- CHORUS—Trust in patience, do not doubt him,
Don't forget to pray.
And when courage almost fails thee
Don't forget to pray.
- 2 When my friends around forsake me,
And hard words would give,
I would turn my eyes to Jesus,
He my light would be.
- 3 When my days were all in darkness,
I the Lord did seek,
In his mercies made the rough way
Pleasant unto me.
- 4 Give me patience, Holy Savior;
Wisdom from on high.
Tell to all of those around me,
Free salvation's nigh.

—THOMAS YOUNG, March, 1896.

42

The Pilgrim's Song.

L. M.

- 1 While traveling on my pilgrim way,
Thy grace has led me day by day.
Whilst traveling through this world of sin,
Oh may my soul on thee depend.
- 2 My way is hard, my friends are few;
Lord, let thy mercies guide me through.
Oh let thy spirit dwell within,
And keep me from the paths of sin.
- 3 Lord, when I'm weak, oh lead me on
Until the mighty work is done.
Dear Savior, shed thy love within,
And keep me from the power of sin.
- 4 Whilst climbing up the mountains steep,
Hard crosses we will often meet;
Just trust in Christ, the pilgrim's friend,
And he will keep us free from sin.
- 5 And when our journeying is complete,
In glory all thy saints shall meet.
By trusting God, the pilgrim's friend,
We are free from toils and safe from sin.

—THOMAS YOUNG, Author, Sept. 29, 1896.

43

Morning Prayer for School.

For morning prayer in a boarding school.

Can be sung to the tune, Thy Word Almighty
Lord who ever it enters in.

- 1 O showers of blessing send
To cheer our drooping souls,
The early morning here we come
To get our hearts renewed.
- 2 Go with us through this day
And guide us on the road,
Help us to travel on our way
To Christ our loving Lord.
- 3 Inspire our hearts with zeal
That we might wisdom learn,
Send us the spirit that we'll feel
We're on our journey home.
- 4 Bless all the poor, we pray,
O lead them to the light
That they may see the bright array
Of wisdom shining bright.

—THOMAS YOUNG, Author, October 2, 1896.

44

The Sabbath Song.

For prayer meeting in a boarding school for
Sunday morning service.

Tune: 'Tis the promise of God.

- 1 One more Sabbath we bow,
Around the altar to pray,
Send the comforter now
To move all fears away.
- CHORUS—Come, my Savior, come now,
Whilst we in meekness bow,
Bless, O bless us, we pray,
On the blest Sabbath day.
- 2 On the blest Sabbath day
Lead us on the heavenly way;
May we keep thy command,
And never, never let us stray.
- 3 On the blest Sabbath day
Let thy love with us stay,
Hear, O hear us, we pray,
Move all our fears away.
- 4 In the blest Sabbath school
May we learn the glorious rule.
When our work here is done
We will reign above the sun.

—THOMAS YOUNG, Author, Oct. 2, 1896.

There the wicked cease from.—Job 3: 17.

1 I am a poor wayfaring stranger
While journeying through this world of woe,
Yet there is no sickness, toils nor danger
In that world to which I go.
I am going there to see my father,
I am going there no more to roam,
I am just a-going over Jordan,
I am just a-going over home.

2 I know dark clouds will gather 'round me
I know my way is rough and steep,
Yet beauteous fields lie just before me,
Where God's redeemed their vigils keep.
I am going there to see my mother,
She said she'd meet me when I come.
I am just a-going over Jordan,
I am just a-going over home.

3 I feel my sins are all forgiven,
My hopes are placed on heaven above,
I am going o'er to yon bright city,
Where all is joy and peace and love.
I am going there to see my children,
I know they're near my Father's throne.
I am just a-going over Jordan,
I am just a-going over home.

4 I want to wear a crown of glory,
When I get home to that good land,
I want to sing salvation's story
In concert with the blood washed band.
I am going there to see my class mates
Who've gone before me one by one.
I am just a-going over Jordan,
I am just a-going over home.

5 I'll soon be free from all my trials;
My body will sleep in the old church yard.
I'll drop the cross of self denial,
And there receive my great reward.
I am going there to see my Savior;
To sing his praises in heaven above.
I am just a-going over Jordan,
I am just a-going over home.

Re-written by THOMAS YOUNG, Author, April

12, 1896.

For the laying of the corner stone of a church.

1 We lay the corner stone,
In memory may it stand,
May it be erected on the pier
Of Christ the Son of God.

2 Lord, sanctify this place
For a dwelling here for thee,
Give unto us the heavenly grace,
In earnest may we be.

3 Erect upon this stone
A house for thine own sake.
May we in peace and love commune
Together in the Lord.

4 O may this be a light
To lead the wicked home,
A shelter for the righteous ones,
A sure foundation stone.

—THOMAS YOUNG, Author, October 8, 1893.

Tunes } Hark! The voice of Jesus crying.
 } 'Come, ye sinners, poor and needy.

1 Sinners, hark! the voice of Jesus
Calling, calling, now for thee.
I have died to bring salvation,
Now my pardoning grace is free.
Come to-day, O do not tarry,
Do not slight the precious call.
For by death you may be carried,
And in judgment you may fall.

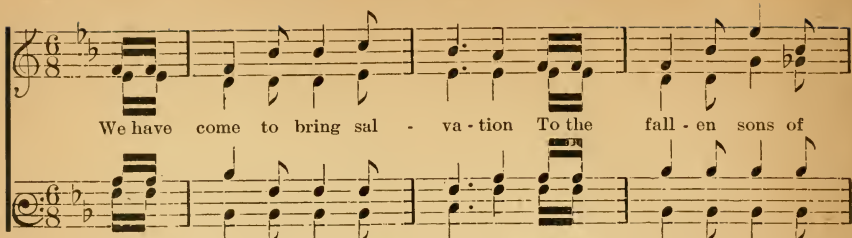
Come, poor sinner, do not tarry,
For there's danger in delay,
Strive not from the Holy Spirit,
Give thyself to Christ and pray,
He is ready, he is waiting.
Full of love and power to save,
Do not doubt him, he is able
To redeem and set you free.

3 Whilst we in our weak petition,
Carry you to the Lord in prayer,
Will you wonder, will you blunder
O'er our prayers in deep despair,
While the words like peals of thunder.
Tell you that you'll perish there;
Do not stay away any longer,
Christ his bounteous grace will share.

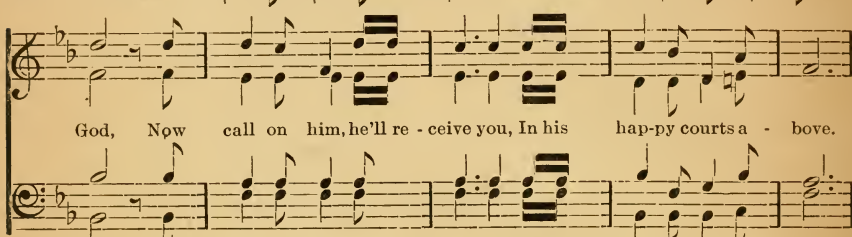
—THOMAS YOUNG, Author, June 25, 1896.

Missionary Song.


Isaiah 6: 8—"Here am I, send me."



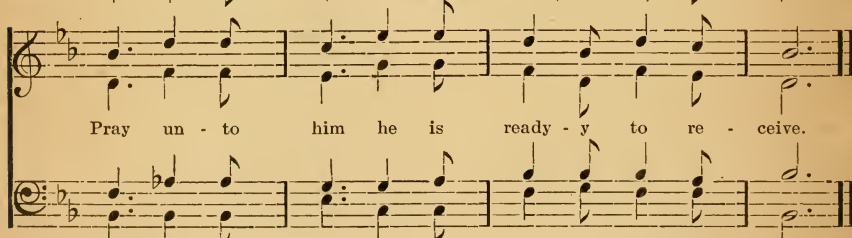
We have come to bring sal - va - tion To the fall - en sons of



God, Now call on him, he'll re - ceive you, In his hap - py courts a - bove.



Pray un - to him, he is read - y to re - ceive.



Pray un - to him he is ready - y to re - ceive.

2 Open now your hearts unto him,
He His grace will freely give;
Do not doubt Him, He is ready,
Waiting now your souls to save;
Just feel needy, He will all your needs re-
lease.||

3 Jesus told his dear disciples,
Go thou everywhere and preach,
Let all nations, tongues and kindred
Now the loving Savior seek—
Glory! glory to the blessed dying lamb

4 When we've done as He has bid us,
Then we'll lay our armour down;
Then we'll hear the voice of Jesus
Saying, now come ye up higher,
Here is your victory in my kingdom, now sit
down.||

—THOMAS YOUNG, Author, Sept, 3, 1895.

Song of the Dying Missionary.

Oh, Lord pre - pare me now, A sol - dier for the

field, And let me glad - ly take the cross Un - til thy voice re - veal.

- 2 I have the battle fought
While here on earth I roamed;
I see the victory drawing nigh
Through Christ the Lord I've sought.
- 3 I'll rest from labor now
In that bright world above;
I'll tell how crosses bowed me down
And sing his name in love.

- 4 Let all the seed I've sown
Produce abundant fold;
Let all the good that I have done
Redeem a many a soul.
- 5 In heaven above I'll rest
From all my labor now;
And see the victory I have won—
I have laid my crosses down.

- 6 Farewell, O mission field!
I've done the Lord's command;
I see the crown I shall receive
From His own blessed hand.

—THOMAS YOUNG, Author.

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Sweet Relief.

"Come now and let us reason together."—Isa. 1, 18
For Porter Simpson, in his bereavement for
his mother, two brothers and child.

Key of A; Time 3-4; D accidental sharp.

Tune: Shall we meet beyond the river.

Soft

Solo In that heavenly land of mansions,

Soft Loud

Choir Glory, glory! praise the king!

Solo There we shall sing together,

Choir Glory, glory! praise the king!

Duet, Alto and Soprano. *soft*.

All through fear and all through doubt,
We have gained the victory!

Choir We'll give praise to Christ and shout,

Choir Glory, glory! praise the King!

- 2 No more weeping, no more sighing,
Glory, glory! praise the king!
No more sickness, no more dying,
Glory, glory! praise the king!
What a greeting that will be
When our loved ones we shall see;
Mother, children, all will meet;
Glory, glory! praise the King!

- 3 There will be no separation,
Glory, glory! praise the king!
We will shout and sing salvation,
Glory, glory! praise the king!
There a starry crown prepared
Shining, brighter than the sun;
Each the palms of victory bear;
Glory, glory! praise the King!

—THOMAS YOUNG, Author, April 17, 1896.

FOR FUTURE REFERENCE.

Mrs. Phillis Wheatley, an Afro-American, received a copyright in the seventeenth century for Poet Writing.

Bishop Wayman died Friday, November 30, 1895, in the seventy-fourth year, second month and ninth day of his age.

From the E. C. C., D. G., D. C., N. Y. : The first name for Methodists was Sacramentarian Club.

In 1744 the first conference was held in the Methodist Church, and all the representatives were six clergymen. To-day this Church numbers nearly five millions in the United States.

Thomas Young, Author, applied for a copyright for a book of songs April 8, 1896.

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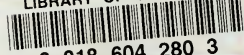
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INDEX TO BIBLE SUBJECTS.

EACH HYMN IS TAKEN FROM ONE OF THESE SUBJECTS.

Hymn	Hymn
And God said, Let us make man in our image, after our own likeness.—Gen. 1; 26. 1	And Joshua said unto all the people, Behold, this stone shall be a witness.—Josh. 24; 27...22
Hear me, O Lord, hear me, that this people may know that thou art the Lord God.—I. Kings, 18; 37..... 7	And Jacob was left alone, and there wrestled a man with him until the breaking of the day.—Gen. 32; 2429
Run now, I pray thee, to meet her; and say unto her, is it well with thee.—II. Kings, 4; 2619	We are orphans and fatherless, our mothers are as widows.—Lamentations, 5, 3.....21
When the poor and needy seek water and there is none.—Isaiah 41; 17.....38	And sent his servant at supper to me to say to them that were bidden, Come; for all things are now ready.—Luke, 14; 17.....13
Shall I not seek rest for thee, that it may be well with thee.—Ruth, 3; 1.....20	Blessed are the poor in spirit, for their's is the kingdom of heaven.—Matthew, 5; 3.....18
Thou therefore endure hardness, as a good sol- dier of Jesus Christ.—II. Timothy, 2; 3..... 9	Therefore shall the people praise thee forever and ever.—Psalm 45; 1724
And not only so, but we glory in tribulations also: knowing that tribulation worketh pa- tience.—Rom. 5; 3.41	There the wicked cease from troubling. Job, 3; 17.....45
For whatsoever is born of God overcometh the world, and this is the victory that overcom- eth the world: even our faith.—1. John, 5; 4. 30	Arise, shine, for thy light is come.—Isa. 60; 1..15
In memory of Bishop Alexander Washington Wayman, D. D. Was born September 21, 1821, and was the seventh Bishop of the A. M. E. Church. Was elected Bishop May 16, 1864, in Philadelphia. He fell asleep in Jesus Friday, Nov. 30, 1895, in his 74th year. "Sleep on and take your rest"34	And there wasted his substance in riotous living.—Luke, 15; 13.....16
	I am the good shepherd.—John, 10; 14.....17
	We preach Christ crucified.—1 Cor. 1; 2340
	Also I heard the voice of the Lord, saying, Whom shall I send and who will go for us? Then said I, Here am I, send me.—Isa. 6; 8.

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